# OUR MOHAMMEDANS IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER



Washington, December 13.

THE government is again having trouble with our Mohammedan cousins. The Moros in places are up in arms against the new laws, and are openly and secretly fighting the regulations as to slavery. There is no doubt that slavery exists not only in the Moro country, but also here and there in other parts of the islands, and it will be a long time before it can be wiped out. I do not mean peonage, or debt bondage. That is common in all the farming localities. I mean actual slavery, such as existed when we took hold of the islands. I traveled through Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago when we were just beginning to pacify that part of the Philippines. I then found slaves everywhere, and once had a chance to buy four likely Mohammedan children for $50. The owner was a Filipino woman, who lived several hundred miles west of Zamboanga, at Davao, under the shadow of Mount Apo. She had the little ones brought for me out into the sunlight and I made a photograph of them. There were three boys and a girl, ranging in ages from 9 to 12 years. The girl was the oldest, and, as is common in tropical countries, at that age she was almost ready for marriage. She was half naked, her only garment being a wide strip of dirty cotton wrapped around her waist and falling to her knees. As I looked at her her fat, old mistress seductively said: "Mucha buena," or very good. She told me such a girl ought to be worth $25 of any man's money and seemed surprised that I did not jump at the bargain.

Dean Worcester says he was offered slave girls on the island of Tawi Tawi for 15 bushels of rice, and that on many of the islands he could buy girls of 15 for $3 apiece. A captain of the army told me how he had recently bought a slave girl for $10 and given her her freedom. This sale was made out of pity. The captain, who was engaged to a very pretty girl in the United States, sympathized with the female slave, who although in love with a young man of her village was about to be sold into the harem of an old Moro chieftain. The girl said she would rather die than submit, and the captain bought her and gave her to the man of her choice.

Another man whom I know, an officer of our army, saved a slave girl from death. She had angered her master, who was one of the dattos and had run off from the harem and thrown herself at the foot of the officer saying the datto had threatened to kill her. The officer made the datto promise to spare her life, to agree to bring her once a week to his quarters to show that she was still living. This was done for several weeks and then the girl disappeared. Whether the datto killed her or sold her to one of her friends was never known.

A few years ago the Sultan of Sulu got up a new code of laws which he sent to Manila for approval. Many of them related to slavery and to the treatment of the women of the harem. Our government does not like to be mixed up in religious matters, and according to the treaties we allow the Moros to worship practically as they please. By the Mohammedan religion every follower of the prophet has the right to four wives and all he has to do, if he wishes to change, is to say to such of his wives as he does not like three times:

"I divorce you! I divorce you! I divorce you!"

This means that they must go and not return, and he can then fill up the quota with a fresh assortment. According to this code the relations between the Moros and the slaves were plainly laid down. It was provided that if a slave laid his hand upon a free married woman with any improper intention he should be the property of the woman's husband, and also that if a free man laid his hand upon a married slave woman he should be fined $100. If the slave woman informed as to the outrage the fine was to be divided between her and the state, but if it was detected by others the whole fine went to the state.

Two Moro ten-dollar brides

MOHAMMEDAN DATTO UTTO
Who sentenced a slave girl to be bitten to death by ants

Datto Mandi an d his young wife

Another clause in the code provides as to the sale of slaves and others as to debt slavery. Among the latter regulations was one that if a man should not pay his debts his family should belong to the debtor until paid, but that this slavery could not last more than three years. A third law related to runaway slaves, and others to stolen slaves, and crimes committed by slaves.

This code was turned down by our government, but it shows that the Moros still regard slavery as a divine right, notwithstanding their American rulers.

I met many of the dattos during my stay in the Philippines and I saw something of their wives and slaves. The women are not veiled as in other Mohammedan countries, and both wives and slaves go about barefaced. I was told that a datto was considered rich according to the number of slaves he owned, and that children were stolen from other tribes to be kept as slaves. Some of the dattos were notorious for their cruelty in regard to their slaves. I met an old villain named Utto, who gave unheard-of punishments for minor offenses. Slaves who ran away from him were often punished by cutting the tendons below the knee, so that they could walk only with difficulty and could be easily caught if they tried again to escape. This man had a slave girl whom he disliked. He bound her over a place swarming with red ants and she was bitten to death. Utto had a man tied naked to the trunk of a tree, where he was roasted by the sun during the day and eaten by the mosquitoes at night. This torment was terrible. And a calf brought in by our soldiers for slaughter and left tied that way died in one day.

Utto had also stocks in which he left people to die. One of our officers found a Moro dead in the stocks. He was lying there, no one having dared to remove the corpse.

Some of the above instances I give on the authority of a Jesuit priest who was traveling among the Moros just about the time we took hold of the islands. He wrote about them to one of the generals of the United States army and the latter included them in his report to the government. This man described other punishments meted out by the chiefs of these Mohammedan Moros. He says that they had one way of tantalizing their enemies. They would tie a man in the river where the tides came in in such a way that he could just escape drowning by standing on his tiptoes and thus keep the water from entering his nostrils and mouth. At times of extraordinary tides such men were drowned.

One of our American officials says that he saw a Moro in Jolo who always wore a bandage over his mouth. This was to hide from public view its deformity, which had been caused, not by nature, but by a datto to whom he had spoken disrespectfully. The datto ordered that the man's mouth be split and opened to the edges of the jawbones. This was done with a kris and it was then left to heal. Strange to say, the man lived.

It is strange that slavery cannot be put down in the Philippines. The Spaniards attempted it 300 years ago, and there have always been laws against it. One reason for the trouble with the Moros is that it is hard to distinguish between the wife and the slave. The Moros believe that they have the right to as many wives as they can support and, as I have said, the Koran gives them four. Frequently the chiefs have but one real wife and the rest are slaves whose children do not inherit rank or titles. Some of these wives are right good looking. I remember seeing the favorite of Datto Mandi's harem at Zamboanga. The datto was almost 50 years of age, but this girl was 18, and she would have been a beauty almost anywhere. She was tall for a Moro, as plump as a partridge and of a rich mahogany brown. She had fine eyes and large, sensual lips. She was dressed in a kimona when I saw her and the datto stood beside her while I made a photograph of the two.

I asked something as to the customs of marriage and was told it was largely a question of bargain and sale. The husband pays for his bride, and at the time we took hold of the Sulus the average price for a good looking girl was $10 in silver, a water buffalo worth about $15, and 500 pieces of rice cake, worth 1 cent each. Of the money paid $2 went to the girl and the rest to her parents.

The Moro marriage ceremonies usually take place at the house of the bride. They are performed by a priest, who asks the man if he takes the woman for his wife. Of course, he says yes. The same question is then put to the woman, but she is supposed to let her relatives reply for her. After this the groom presses his thumb, which has been blessed by the priest, against the forehead of the bride. He then mixes up a chew of betel nut for her and throws it down at her feet. She pretends not to notice it, but one of her friends picks it up and gives it to her, and later on she chews it in secret. After this comes a wedding feast and then the family of the groom leaves and the husband and wife start married life. The wife has but few rights which he husband is bound to respect, but he has to live with her, and if he stays away for more than three months at a time she can demand a divorce.

The Mohammedans of the Philippines number about 250,000 and they are just about one-thousandth part of the Mohammedan population of the world. Few people have any idea of the extent of this religion. There are about 250,000,000 followers of the prohpet. Mohammedanism is the principal faith in a great part of Asia and Africa, and it has millions of adherents in Europe. There are 600,000 Mohammedans in Austria-Hungary and almost 4,000,000 in Russia. Roumania has 50,000 and the Balkan states, which have been creating so much trouble lately, have almost three-quarters of a million. There are 3,000,000 followers of the prophet in European Turkey, and in all Europe there are about as many Mohammedans as Jews, or between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000.

China is generally looked upon as a Confucian and Buddhistic country. Nevertheless there are something like 2,000,000 Mohammedans in the republic and its dependencies, and there are 10,000,000 Mohammedans who live north of the Yangtse river. Many of the people in Mongolia are Mohammedans, and there are 200,000 Mohammedans in Peking. During a trip which I once made to the great wall of China I had a muleteer who was a Mohammedan. He got down on his knees five times a day to say his prayers. He always prayed facing the southwest, where Mecca lay, and he bowed again and again every time the sun rose and set. There are Mohammedan mosques in many of the Chinese cities.

The most of the Malays are Mohammedans, and there are millions who follow the prophet in Java and in the other islands of the Dutch East Indies. As to India, it has more Mohammedans than there are people in the whole German empire. It has far more than Turkey, and there are certain provinces in which the Mohammedans are the controlling class. The largest and most beautiful mosques in the world are at Delhi and Agra, in northern India. The big mosque is at Delhi, not far from the place where the new government buildings of the British capital are to be erected. This mosque covers acres. It took 5000 men, working six years, to build it and it has as many steps as the capitol at Washington. I shall never forget my visit to it, and how I was there shown a relic which was pointed out as the most precious object in all Hindustan. I was made to take off my shoes before I could see the relic, and in my stocking feet I was led through corridor after corridor until I came to the great chest which contained a nest of locked boxes. These were opened one after another, and at the last, in a little glass casket, on a green velvet cushion, was displayed a hair which I was assured came from Mohammed's mustache. The hair was as red as that of my own head, and the priest told me that Mohammed had red hair and a red beard. It is for this reason that many Mohammedans dye their hair and whiskers a bright red. They want to pass their way into heaven by having beards of the same color as Mohammed. Indeed it seemed to me that I was treated with respect in the mosque on account of the red color of my own mustache.

The most beautiful mosque in the world is the Taj Mahal, at Agra. It was built by the same man who erected the Jamma Musjid, the mosque I have just described. The Taj Mahal is not so large, but it was far more costly and its wonderful workmanship is still the admiration of the world. The building stands upon a mosaic platform of black and white marble covering about two acres, at the corners of which are high marble towers in which the Mohammedan priests stand morning and evening and shout out the calls to prayer. The mosque itself, which is also a tomb, is of the purest white marble, ending in a buble-like dome that seems to float in the air over it. Its doors are of lace-work of the purest white marble, and the interior contains enough of this marble lacework to build a fence around the grounds of the white House at Washington. It is a strange commentary upon the wonders of true love that this $15,000,000 building was built by a Mohammedan sultan in honor of his wife. The sultan's name was Shah Jehan. He had over a hundred wives, but he was especially fond of only one, and when she died he erected this building to her memory. He drafted the unbelievers among his subjects and set them to work upon it. There were 20,000 laborers, and it is said that it took them 17 years to complete the construction. They got only their food for their pay.

Going westward from India one finds many Mohammedans in Persia and in Asia Minor, and especially in Arabia. It is now possible to go to Mecca, in Central Arabia, where Mohammed was born, by railroad, and in the same way you can visit Medina, where his bones rest in a coffin which is supposed to be suspended half way between the floor and the roof by invisible strings. Hundreds of thousands of Mohammedans make pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina every year, and from now there will be a large accession to the number of these new railroads. When I was at Khartum, in the Sudan, 1000 miles or so south of the Mediterranean sea, I was told that they were running pilgrim trains from that country to the Red sea in order to accommodate the worshipers who wished to cross from Port Sudan to Jeddah, in Arabia, and thence go on to Mecca. There will be an enormous traffic from Asia Minor to Mecca. The road runs through Damascus and along the edges of Palestine, and people will come from European and Asiatic Turkey to go by rail to worship at the tomb of Mohammed.

Speaking of Jeddah, that place until now has been the chief Arabian starting point of these Mohammedan pilgrimages. It lies half way up the coast of the Red sea and within a few days' walk of Mecca. Outside the town, under a mosque, is the spot where Eve is said to be buried, and not far in the interior is a mountain which the Mohammedans say was Adam's home after he was cast out of Paradise.

They think the garden of Eden was in heaven and say that when Adam and Eve were thrust forth they dropped down to earth. Adam landed on a mountain in Ceylon and crossed to the mainland of Asia upon the chain of islands which lie between it and Hindustan, the chain being known to this day as Adam's bridge. Eve was dropped down at Jeddah, and Adam for his sin spent 200 years in looking for her. At last the two came together in Arabia and they lived at Jeddah until they died. Eve's tomb is 400 feet long. I suppose she filled it, for "there were giants in those days."

I have seen a good deal of the Mohammedans of Africa. They are found by the millions in Egypt and, indeed, the greater part of northern Africa is inhabited by them. Among the most fanatical are those of Morocco, the most of whom acknowledge no allegiance to Turkey, nor to the Sultan at Constantinople, although he claims to be the head of the Mohammedan world. There are Mohammedans throughout the Sahara desert, and I found millions of them in Algeria and Tunisia. I traveled among them in Tripoli, where the people are also fanatical, off into the valley and descend in Zanzibar and in parts of South Africa.

The Egyptians are almost altogether Mohammedans, and some of the finest mosques of the world are in Cairo. There is one which is made of alabaster, on the edge of a court in which is a great alabaster fountain, where the worshipers bathe their feet and hands before they go in to pray.

Another fine mosque is in Jerusalem. It stands on the site of Solomon's temple, and it is impossible to enter it without a permit from the Mohammedan government of the Holy City. In that mosque is the rock upon which Abraham built his altar upon which he was about to sacrifice Isaac when the Angel of the Lord called out to him to withhold his hand. The mosque is called the Dome of the Rock, and the Mohammedans say that the Angel Gabriel will stand there when he blows his last trumpet. Then all the people of the world will come to Jerusalem, and Jehovah, sitting upon his throne upon this rock, will separate the sheep from the goats. Some Mohammedans say that the whole human race will have to walk a tight rope or thin wire which will then be stretched across the valley of Jehosophat, and at one end of this Mohammed will sit. As the people go over the righteous will be upheld by the angels from falling. They will cross to the Mount of Olives and thence go to heaven. The wicked will be unsupported. They will slip off into the valey and descend straight to hell.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

# Real Romances of the Business World--The Story of a Camera

By OSBORN MARSHALL

"PAYING my debts, doing my best and demanding the best of those I employ." That is the whole business creed of one of the most successful photographers in New York city—a photographer who has the reputation of having photographed more celebrities than any other woman in the business.

It is often said that a woman who makes a go in business in New York must have a long head for finance, but so far as this woman goes business is only a matter of paying one's debts. There surely isn't any high finance in that.

Some 10 or a dozen years ago if you had gone into the workrooms of George Rockwood's photographic establishment in New York city you might have seen an eager, hardworking young woman, barely more than a girl at the time, named Anna Frances Levins. She was a pretty, wide-awake girl, but she was only one of the many laboratory and studio assistants who did the detail work at Rockwood's. She was a beginner, too, and although she was conscientious about her work you wouldn't have dreamed that there was any future for her. Why should there be? A woman seldom combines art and business in the right proportions to succeed in photography.

Miss Levins had come straight to the studio from school. Being of Irish parentage, she had quite naturally gone to St. Bridget's convent in New York city for her education and you could tell by her low, well modulated voice that she had been under the tutelage of the nuns. There was one nun, in particular, Sister Loretto, who had influenced Anna Levins. Sister Loretto taught art. In fact, she is said to be to this day the most able portrait painter to be found in any American convent. When the other girls in the convent were out playing at recess Anna Levins was to be found with Sister Loretto learning from her the difficult lesson of portraiture.

People's faces interested Anna Levins more than anything else in the world. She had imagination of the kind that they say all people who win business success have to have. She could see beyond the convent walls. She imagined the world of men and women outside—bishops and cardinals, singers, actors, dancers, kings and queens, statesmen and peasants, dowagers and debutantes, whose faces, all so different, might lend themselves to her power of portraiture. Sister Loretto had made a success of portraiture by the slow method of the brush inside the convent. Why shouldn't she, Anna Levins, make a success of portraiture by means of the camera in the world outside?

This was more than a school girl's dream. As soon as she was graduated she surprised the nuns and her family by announcing her intention of learning photography from the bottom up. So she got a position in Rockwood's studio, and there you might have found her 10 or 12 years ago.

One day she was walking along the street near Long Island Sound, in New Rochelle, N. Y., when she chanced to meet an old sea captain just come ashore. She knew him by sight and as she stopped him to pass the time of day she studied his face. He was a rough knuckled, tanned old man with a look of the ocean in his eyes. In different dress you might have mistaken him for Walt Whitman in his old age, only there was an innate ruggedness, a look of physical endurance and doggedness, that would be lacking in the face of a poet. The young photographer caught all this in an instant.

"I would like to take your photograph," she said, and then fumbling in her pocketbood took out a dollar as a bait. "Will you pose for me for a dollar?"

The sea captain thought that it looked like an easy way to earn the money, so he consented. Miss Levins took the old man back to the studio in New York with her and, applying all the science that she had learned at Rockwood's and all the art she had learned from Sister Loretto, she posed the old man and in a minute more she had snapped the shutter that stamped the impress of his features on the sensitiv plats. The laboratory assistants who saw the photograph afterward made no comments upon it. To be sure, it was a carefully posed portrait, but at best it was only a rough-faced, shabbily dressed old seaman, out at the coat cuff and horn fingered. So the plate was stacked away with negatives that were of no use in the laboratory.

One day Mr. George Rockwood—then a man nearing the old age mark himself—chanced to pick up the plate in the laboratory. He held it to the light and looked at it with the eye of an expert, discounting the reversals of light and shade.

"Who took this picture?" he asked almost severely.

"Miss Levins," said a laboratory assistant, as much as to say, "don't be rough with her; she's only a beginner."

Mr. Rockwood looked at the plate again and studied the values of its lines and masses. He gave it to the photograph printer and told him to have it oned for him at once. But before he had seen the print he said: "That is a marvelous picture. Miss Levins will be famous when I am gone."

"She will be famous when Mr. Rockwood is gone!" These strange words were repeated around the studio and finally came to Miss Levins herself. And George Rockwood was one of the greatest photographers of his generation and she was only a struggling apprentice.

This incident was the first sign of Miss Levin's road to success.

Miss Levin's first business venture, when she finished her apprenticeship, was made in London. She left her family in America and crossed the ocean in prsuit of fortune. As she was going down the gangplank at Tilbury dock, London, she saw a rather thickset genial-looking English gentleman dressed in the most correct attire accomplished by quite a company of fashionable men and women.

"Look, there goes the King!" some one said near Miss Levin's side. "He's going to the Newmarket races."


"Who took this picture?" he asked almost severely

Miss Levins ran down the gangplank and laying quick hold of the camera which she always carries when traveling swung over her shoulders, she leveled it at the King. With a knowledge of photographic values which had become almost second nature to her, she snapped what she knew would be a particularly good picture of the King. The King saw the dark-eyed, eager American girl with her camera pointed at him. He bowed smilingly at her as he passed and lifted his royal hat. Doubtless he went on to the races with the satisfaction of having seen an enthusiastic American girl and of having done her a good turn and Miss Levins passed on her way to London with the feeling that she had begun her career under good omen.

In the letter she wrote home to her mother that night she said with her quick Irish wit: "I know you will be glad to hear that my future success is assured. His majesty King Edward, with all his retinue, was at the pier to meet me and let me take his picture. What more could I desire?"

If you had made up your mind to become a photographer of celebrities what would your first move be? Would you take a studio in some out-of-the-way corner of the city and then cautiously wait for celebrities to come to you, assuring yourself that, since water seeks it own level, your merit would eventually draw great folk to you? Or would you deliberately start out in a place where celebrities were so apt to congregate that they would fairly trip over you as they passed, even if you did have to pay a rent that would make most people gasp?

This is what Miss Levins did. She observed that there was no place in all London or in all the world where there daily congregated more celebrities, of all sorts, from all parts of the world, than at the Cecil hotel. Therefore, she rented a studio in this hotel, put out her sign and didn't wait long for the patronage she desired. The rent was enormous, but so were her returns. She remained in London five years, photographing more celebrities in that time than any other woman and almost any other man in the world.

One day Mlle. Adeline Genee, the famous Danish danseuse, who was staying at the Cecil at the time, made an appointment for a sitting with Miss Levins, and Miss Levins, who had often seen Genee on the stage in all her paint and tarletan, thought she had a fairly good idea of what the famous lady would look like in street dress.

A few minutes after the time for the appointment a quiet, little woman stepped timidly into the studio. She was dressed in plain but neat black and Miss Levins spotted her at once as Mlle. Genee's maid.

"Is Mlle. Genee delayed?" asked Miss Levins, seeing that the maid was not inclined to open the conversation.

"I am Mlle. Genee," said the woman quietly, almost timidly, with none of the self-assurance that Miss Levins had expected.

Miss Levins apologized for her mistake and then she began to talk to the dancer so that she could study her personality before attempting to pose her. Genee had come hurriedly from her rooms and at Miss Levins' suggestion sent word to her maid to bring her ballerina costume. While she waited she talked freely and unconsciously, forgetful of the fact that she was a dancer. She was half sitting on a low table in the studio waiting and talking. When Miss Levins saw that she was in just the right attitude, that the arrangements of lights was satisfactory, she gave the signal to her assistant, and, presto! before Mlle. Genee knew it her picture was taken.

Then came the maid and the ballerina costume and Miss Levins went through with the conventional posing, but she knew all the time that the real picture, the picture that she would be proud of, was already impressed on the sensitiye plate. And so it turned out. To this day, Mlle. Genee's favorite picture—at least the picture most admired by her husband—is the one Miss Levins stole when the dancer didn't know it.

After five years in London Miss Levins came back to her native land and is now busy making portraits of celebrities on this side of the Atlantic. In the summer time, when celebrities aren't in New York, Miss Levins packs up and takes a photographic jaunt. Not long ago she took her outing in Newfoundland. Sir Edward Morris, who has been given the difficult task of editing the Newfoundland law reports for the English government, commissioned Miss Levins to go on this expedition. It meant a motor trip through Newfoundland, the fun of photographing scenery and people that no one had ever photographed before and it meant a neat little check to boot.

Usually she spends her vacation in Ireland, the land of her fathers. There, camera slung over her shoulder, she tramps over hill and dale, stopping now and then at an Irish castle or college to phtograph a great lady or a celebrated divine. Then, with her portfolio full of views of Irish scenery, that are sure of ready market in this country, and refreshed for her winter's work, she comes back to the serious task of photographing New York notables.

And now for her business methods. Miss Levins employs neither stenographers nor accountants. She attends personally to all her business. By never owing a cent she simplifies her bookkeeping, and by having the reputation for paying on the spot she is able to demand the best from those who work for her or from dealers in photographic supplies. She opens all her own mail and when other women would pick up a piece of needlework or play at solitaire, she answers her letters, makes out bills and keeps her simple books.